

Great Oaks . . . From Little Acorns

By LELA CAGLE

Have you ever wondered where the *Oak Leaves*, the *Acorn*, and the TWIG got their names? It all stems from the fact that our Alma Mater is situated in Raleigh, the "City of Oaks." Being very appreciative of Raleigh's hospitality the editors of the *Oak Leaves* dedicated that first quaint volume to the friendly citizens of Raleigh and named it in their honor. The TWIG and the *Acorn* received their names to carry out the same theme. Loyal Phis and Astros take note that these first publications were sponsored by the "literary" societies to live up to the ideal of high literary achievement.

Recall Happy Memories

In looking back at these modest beginnings, we chuckle at their funny expressions and pictures, yet the editors of the first *Oak Leaves*, Isabelle Gulley and Margaret Ferguson, certainly succeeded in their aim: "to give an insight into life at B.F.U. and to recall happy memories of the year 1903-1904;" the spirit and happiness of those first seniors shines in every smile, cartoon, and poem. What? You mean to tell me you have never heard of the Blue Ridge Boomers, the Redheaded Brigade, or the Long Bones Club? Huge straw bonnets hide smiling faces of girls named "Cabbage Chopper" and "Snap Stringer," who draw their motto of "Once a mountaineer, always a mountaineer;" "Cloud Chaser" and "Moon Fixer" declare from their lofty heights that "she was of stature tall; I hate a dumpy woman;" and bright redheads march across the pages in strict formation from brigadier general to drummer boy. I do believe there was more life in their big toes than in any one of our tired old bones.

See Styles Only Once A Week

Nothing daunted their self-confidence and when the TWIG first appeared as a weekly in 1921 the editors proudly announced that "Every one is enthusiastic over the TWIG—or should be, at any rate. . . . It is an interesting little paper, isn't it?" They had reason to be proud since the TWIG became a member of the N. C. Collegiate Press Association in October of its first year. Hot debates on the pros and cons of moving Meredith out of town were printed in the "Student Opinion" column. Says one socially-conscious young lady of those days, "What girl wants to be so far away from the shopping center that she can see styles only once a week? And who wants to feel alone in the world, with next-door neighbors a mile away?"

"Select Society of Critics"

The *Acorn* was born one February morning in 1907 under the watchful eyes of two brave nurses, Lizzina Moore and Foy Johnson. Both were very anxious to know what the literary critics would have to say and in the April issue appeared the verdict. It seems that one of the editors attended a meeting of the "Select Society of Critics" and of all things the *Acorn* was "Before the Bar." Thomas Carlyle said it lacked humor, but Mark Twain quickly defended this point saying, "The story of the alarm clock brings a living picture before my mind." (We live that story every morning, Sir.) Reading an imaginative story on the fate of Virginia Dare, Sir Walter Raleigh added "I find the stories of history very well told." After Wordworth praised as "simple and touching" the poem, "The Woodman's Tale," Shakespeare tried to claim it as his own. Stretching to his full height, Napoleon gave importance to his conclusive words on the name, "The acorn contains the germ of life."

Modest beginnings? Perhaps, but the early publications are the mirrors of lovable and courageous personalities and lives abundantly lived.

INTRODUCING OUR NEW EDITOR

Nancy Joyner Is Old Hand At Writing

Put a pen in her hand and paper before her and then watch her go! Nancy Joyner, newly-elected editor of the TWIG, is an old hand in the writing department. She wrote the entire scripts for Stunt her freshman and sophomore years and contributed a great deal to the creation of the 1956 junior stunt (which, incidentally, carried off the trophy!). Nancy is also an expert in composing skits for Corn Huskin' Bee. Her special contribution to the TWIG is an article featuring choice bits of philosophy and known as "She-NANigans."



NANCY JOYNER

Nancy, an English major from Asheville, won the Colton English Award her freshman year at Meredith. She is a member of the Colton English Club, the Creative Writing Club, and the B.S.U. Council, of which she is program chairman. Nancy's diverse interests include records, coffee, bargains, cashew nuts, and the violin (which she, and

I quote, "plays at"). Nancy plans to make religious journalism her vocation.

Incidentally, Nancy will be glad to talk with anyone wishing to join the TWIG "crew" for 1957-58. We congratulate Nancy and wish her the greatest success in the coming year.

LIBRARIAN'S WORK IS NEVER DONE; BOOKS LEAD A BUSY LIFE

By NANCY McGLAMERY

Like a woman's work, a librarian's work is never done. Books have an odd habit of scattering all over the place if you don't keep a very careful eye on them, and the books in the Meredith College library are no exception. It takes three librarians—Miss Hazel Baity, Miss Jane Green, and Mrs. Pauline Beers—with the help of twenty-four student library assistants to keep the books, periodicals, and newspapers all at your disposal. Miss Baity, as head librarian, directs all of the work. Miss Green's chief job is cataloging, and Mrs. Beers is in charge of circulation and reserve books. The assistants keep the desks, paste, shelve, read stacks, type, process new books, and do a hundred and one odd jobs.

Nobody leads a busier life than a librarian unless it is a book. Just the other day when I was back in the stacks shelving books that had been on reserve, I overheard one tired old history alcover talking to an aged religion book.

"Whew," said the history alcover, "a vacation at last. Brother, I guess we've earned it."

"Yep," said the religion book, "and may it last a while this time. If I've been pulled out of here one time to be put on reserve, I've been pulled a hundred times."

"Remember when you were a new book?" said the other. "You were so proud of your beautiful shiny self. Now look at you—old and faded and dog-eared."

"Yeah," sighed the religion, "popularity isn't much fun anymore."

"Popularity, my title page!" moaned the history. "They have to read us. Their teachers make them."

"Yeah," added the religion, "and sometimes they take it out on us!"

"The people who work in the library like us, though. Just think of all the dimes they charge people who keep us out in the daytime."

"Well, that is true," mused the religion book.

"And the teachers certainly must like us. Year after year they call for the same old books to be put on reserve."

"Well, yes," agreed the history alcover, "and once in a while—a great while, mind you—a student likes me and gets all excited over something I say."

"That is true with me, too," said he religion book, brightening. "Some of the things I have to say have changed a few attitudes around here. I guess I have lived a rather sound life—"

"Oh, climb down off it!" cried the history book in indignation.

"Oh, well," agreed the religion, "I guess when all is said and done, it will be quite nice to see that old orange reserve card of mine again."

"You bet," said the book from the history alcover.

Students interested in competing for the Hubbell prize in Creative Writing may be glad to know that the last day for receiving compositions will be April 10, 1957, instead of March 15 as published. This date will be permanent, so there will be no extension of the time hereafter. Compositions may be left in the office of Miss Sally Willis Holland, of the English department, on or before this date.

Reception Room In Georgian Style

By JIMMIE RUCKER

If you are one of those few Meredith girls who have failed to discover the pleasant and practical reception room and kitchenette in our new Joyner Hall, you owe it to yourself to drop in on your way to or from class some day soon. The expansion committee, desiring to make the reception room (which is to be used by both students and faculty for club meetings, receptions, and social hours) both fashionable and usable, has carefully selected each piece of furniture; and for this reason, some of the furnishings are still in the "ordered" or "planned" stage. At present there are in the reception room a beautiful antique French mirror and two leather upholstered (brown) chairs—all gifts of the 1956 senior class; a five-piece sectional sofa of durable nylon material; two end tables; a lamp; and a wing chair featuring the same design as the green, tan, and yellow-colored draw draperies. Soon to be added are two Chippendale chairs. The furnishings in the room, which has three pine-paneled walls and one covered in green burlap, have been planned in Georgian style, conforming to the Georgian-modern trend followed in the entire building.

Adjoining the reception room is a handy kitchenette, with an ample number of cupboards, a double sink, a refrigerator and a stove. Both the stove and refrigerator are of brown enamel, which blends beautifully with the natural wood of the cupboards and the brown covering of the counter space. Dishes, cups and saucers, pots, pans, and other utensils are planned for the convenience of groups using the kitchenette.

Let's all show our appreciation for the work that has been done in planning for Meredith an entertainment center of which we can be proud by using our reception room often and leaving it neat for others to use.

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A SPECIES OF ANGEL CHILD

Hall Proctor Has Varied Duties

By KAY ELIZABETH JOHNSON

There is an interesting species of Angel Child at Meredith called Hall Proctor—or sometimes more familiarly, Her. This strange creature has many and varied duties which range from comforting homesick freshmen to checking dorm cards (UGH!). She has the nebulous task of keeping law and order on the halls, especially after 11:15; also she specializes in terrorizing late "Telephone Tessies" (Angel children who spend too much time after "lights out" communicating with Earth Angels (BOYS) through the telephonic medium). Police duty, though, is not the only specialty of Her. She is also responsible, whether directly or indirectly, for the showcase (Bulletin Board) in the dimly-lit corridor called Hall. Advice, personal and otherwise, is sold for a slight charge—one must ask for it.

Requirements of a hall proctor are also many and varied. She must have a cat-like tread, so as to be able to sneak up to the door of a light-cut violator; and she also needs sharp, durable knuckles to rap briskly on the malefactor's door. Her voice may have either of two qualities. It may be harsh so she can yell loudly down the hall "You'd better get those lights out on time tonight!" or it can be soft and melodious so she can croon sweetly "Lights out, girls" and almost pleadingly "Sh-h-h." The ability to draw circles around dorm card errors and the constitution of an ox are other requirements. Also standing Her in good stead are the patience and understanding of a mother and a well developed sense of humor. (Don't tell anyone, but the Angel Farm proctors seem to have an excess of the later two qualities.)

Pointing up the need for patience, understanding, and a sense of humor are the following comments sometimes and often heard by this deservingly species of Angel Child.

"But I've just got to have another light cut! Why? oh-h-h, um-m-m, my mother said if I didn't write a five-page letter next time I wrote, she'd, ah, not send me any more money for a month. Yeah, that's it."

"Gosh, how did you ever live to be a junior?"

"What'll I do? Dr. Rose will kill me if I don't have it in on time!"

"Gosh, it must be nice to be a junior and be able to play bridge all the time instead of study." (Wow! if that doesn't bring on the urge to kill, nothing will.)

"He'll never call again! I know he won't! I don't see what that silly

B.S.U. to Sponsor Big Four Party

On Saturday, April 6, the big four—Meredith, State, Carolina, and Duke—will gather on the Meredith playing fields for a B.S.U. Play-day. One highlight of the day will be a volleyball game between Meredith and Duke, and all four schools will challenge each other in various games and activities. After play there will be a picnic for all at the Chimney, followed by square dancing in the gym.

MAGIC MOMENTS

(Continued from page two)

winner; for while reading this forceful account, one cannot but feel the agony and rebelliousness of a suppressed people. Michener's book makes one feel the truth of Herbert Spencer's statement: "No one can be perfectly free till all are free."

rule is for, anyway. Humph! No phone calls after 11:15. Phooey!" (The first comment very tearfully and pleadingly—the second, with much bitterness and defiance.)

"Oh-h-h-h! I'll never live through exams."

"Look! See, just feast your eyes! I PASSED!"

Yes, hall proctors put up with a lot, so they have to be a pretty durable sort. I guess they're the way they are because of us. Huh?

Homesick Student Brought Her Horse

By JIMMIE RUCKER

On a cold, windy afternoon, girls on the west side of Stringfield can look from their windows and see bundled-up classmates heading for a big white building known as the stable. Whether it's rainy or clear, the horses there find themselves mounted by, talked to, and perhaps even "switched" by their eager equestriennes.

Until about fourteen years ago, the only animals resembling horses here at Meredith were a pair of old mules which were used in cutting the grass; but thanks to a homesick student who couldn't bear to be separated from her horse, a newcomer was added in the stable. The following year Mr. Zeno Martin, then business manager of the college and a horse enthusiast, had a swamp filled in to make what is now known as the front pasture. Two or three riding horses were purchased.

So much interest in riding was shown by the girls that in a few years a riding class was formed. It was such a success that the number of horses has grown to 34 (with more soon to make their appearances!), and a total of 218 people now "ride the trails" around Meredith. Sixty-six of this number are Meredith girls, ranging in ability from novices to horse-show winners.

The classes are under the able supervision of Mrs. Mary Mackay Edwards, who studied at Stephens College and the University of Missouri. Having taught horseback riding at Stephens for a while, Mrs. Edwards came to Meredith almost five years ago. Mrs. Edwards is assisted by Gene Smith, David Tatum, and James ("Bold Pete") Talley, who care for the horses and give helping hands to the "tenderfoot" riders.

As any girl who has taken riding knows, an uneventful horseback ride is unheard of. There's always the chance that your horse will be frightened by a car horn and bolt into a wild gallop or rear up into the air unexpectedly; or you may find yourself toppling over the front of his head when he suddenly decides to chew a bit of grass. At any rate it must be fun, because I have YET to see a girl (dirty and smelly though she may be) come in from riding without a smile and a tale to tell.

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